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## DRAMA OF UNTAMED WEST

Thrilling Human Experience of William E. Borah, the Energetic and Brilliant Senator from Idaho.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Either by design or accident, William Borah was scouting along the particular edge of his cornfield that was farthest from the house. On the grass, leaning against a rider of the snake fence, he discovered his son and namesake reading a book.

There was a sudden pounce, and William Edgar, Jr., a sudden abominable fall in private, and the sounds of approach, felt the book jerked from his hand. Looking up, he saw his father turn to the title page, and then observed his moving lips as he read: "Some of the Mistakes of Moses," by Robert G. Ingersoll, a free-thinking and hysterical collection of catchy quips and dashing phrases popular with village and country boys of that period.

Now "Uncle Billy," as he was called, in respect and affection, was a solid man in the community—solid agriculturally, politically, and theologically. Having power and skill with language, he sometimes addressed his neighbors on the issues of the coming election. Going to the Presbyterian church on a Sunday morning and finding the minister ill or absent, he read a text and preached extemporaneously. Rare was the clergyman who knew the Bible any better than Uncle Billy.

Threshed a Future Senator.

The episode at the edge of the cornfield, in religion and logic, not to mention social economy, could have but one ending. Moses was carried off and thrown in the fire, no doubt. Another detail need not be dwelt upon except to say Uncle Billy did not know when he walked away that he had threshed a future Senator in Congress from the sovereign State of Idaho; nor would Uncle Billy have cared a continental. Years afterward, the son having stopped in Illinois on his first journey from Boise to Washington for a parental greeting, he said: "William, you should have stuck to your profession."

The inquisition never converted any one. The boy of the cornfield now confesses that he followed Ingersoll until he read the life of Napoleon. Ingersoll was flippant, funny, and superficial. Napoleon was a philosopher and a statesman. So he traded heroes: "Tell me," Napoleon said, on the deck of a ship bound for Egypt, to the learned, inquiring, and controversial infidel who accompanied him, "who made the firmament, and then I shall talk to you about religion." And skepticism vanished and the rod of the father was justified, but it was the intellect that conquered.

In the matter of thrilling human experiences, Senator Borah is a drama of the untamed West. Desperadoes are grouped around him. Dead men and a gallows are in the distance. Exploding dynamite shakes the earth beneath his feet. As a prosecutor of the lawless—relentless, relentless, and fearless—he reads like a romance, rather than like a narrative of actual facts. Furthermore, he is an able constitutional lawyer, and his standing, although a young man, is very high in the Senate.

Picked the Right Man.

Picked by President Roosevelt, he argued the case against the battalion of negro soldiers dismissed from the army for rioting at Brownsville, in Texas. Borah is a Republican. Once he rescued a negro—sitting in a prison train at midnight and riding to Nampa, twenty miles distant—after a party of lynchers had broken down the door of the jail and were shooting their rifles and pistols. Historically, sentimentally, and in other ways, President Roosevelt, therefore, chose the right man to explain and defend his drastic action.

Since then, Borah has made three great speeches in the Senate upholding the power of the national government to lay a tax on incomes. The proposed sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of the republic, taxing incomes, was vigorously pressed by him. It passed Congress and has gone to the country to be voted on by the legislatures of the different States. In the debate, which he carried through with remarkable grace and learning, he met the hostile questions and arguments of some of the best lawyers in the Senate. He first came to the notice of the country, however, as one of the prosecutors of William D. Haywood, charged with complicity in the murder of Frank Steunenberg, a former governor of Idaho, who was horribly killed with dynamite at the gate leading into his own garden. Borah's argument closing the case occupied two days, and would have filled forty columns of a newspaper.

His Life in Danger.

Manifestly, he would be incomplete were the striking and dramatic events of his life omitted from his record. But he talked about them with repugnance, slurring them over, begging indulgence, and courteously protesting. Physically, he is not a large man, but he is lithe and muscular. His head is broad, his face is wide, and his eyes are as blue as a Holland teacup and saucer. While his voice is low and his manner most agreeable, it is plainly to be seen that he is a determined and intrepid personality. Threats of assassination were never taken seriously, but I dare say he was ready. Idaho, however, had passed through its cycle of gunfights, of ghastly sheep herders, dead in the tall grass of lonely valleys, and of vengeful miners hunting for their enemies with bombs, rifles, and daggers. Borah, therefore, coming into the tranquil present and looking toward serenity, if not culture, minimizes the past, with its terrors and tragedies.

In a word, necessary to a coherent comprehension of his story, Borah worked on his father's farm until he was sixteen years old, "when, being restless and wanting an education and to be a lawyer," he went to his sister's home at Lyons, in Kansas. "I didn't know how I was to get an education, nor had I any definite plans, but I thought fate in some manner would take care of my case. My father had previously signed notes for another man and lost a considerable part of his property."

"You completed your education," I said "at the Kansas State University."

"Yes, my sister and my father helping me with money. But I taught school whenever I could during my course at college. After being graduated, I studied law at Lyons. By the time I was ready for the bar, Populism was working a queer transformation in Kansas. Jerry

Simpson, of Medicine Lodge, was the candidate of that party in my district for Congress. Farm products were selling for almost nothing. Lyons was a small place. I determined, accordingly, to begin practice somewhere on the Pacific Coast.

"A friend advised me to stop at Boise, the Territorial capital of Idaho. I might have gone on to San Francisco, but when I arrived in Boise I had only \$75 left for my travels. I drummed the law offices for work, but was unsuccessful. It didn't take long for me to

for their lives. One of them, wounded on the range, had dragged himself to his covered wagon, where he died. The bodies were not found until fourteen days after the crimes were committed. I was employed by the Sheep Owners' Association to discover and prosecute the murderer."

"Going to the town of Wells, in Nevada, I hired a horse and rode to Albion, in Idaho, stopping at the cattle ranches on the way and seeking information. I was roughly dressed and no one knew my name or occupation. One night I came

## "ROUGHED IT" IN THE EARLY DAYS.

WILLIAM E. BORAH,  
Senator from Idaho.

see that I either had to get into another kind of business or begin practicing myself, and without a partner. I bought some cheap furniture and announced that another lawyer had settled in Boise. The announcement created no excitement.

"The first year in Idaho was the most melancholy of my existence. I battled desperately for a living, and many times was on the point of surrendering. I was an utter stranger in Boise, and of whom the town was full of attorneys, all of whom had plenty of friends and acquaintances. But I kept on. I don't know how or why, and in the second year came brighter days and improved prospects. Little by little I built up a respectable business."

"Your first case in Idaho," I said, "had to do with a gambler?"

"Only indirectly. I had met a gambler on the train that carried me into Idaho. He lived at Nampa, twenty miles from Boise. One morning he telephoned for me, saying that a man whom he knew was in trouble. I found, on reaching Nampa, that a telegraph operator had killed a Chinaman. The operator had quit work late at night and gone into the kitchen of the hotel where he boarded to get a luncheon. There was a dispute with the Chinese cook, who took up a knife and chased the telegraph operator into the dining-room. After the cook had turned to walk to the kitchen the operator shot him in the back, killing him almost instantly. The preliminary examination was before an old justice of the peace named Lang. In his information, Hayes, the prosecutor, charged the telegraph operator with murder."

"It is not murder," Lang said pretty vigorously, "to kill a Chinaman."

"In view of the known facts," Hayes replied, "I am compelled to insist upon the charge as I have made it. The law will permit of nothing else."

"The court, I saw, meant to discharge my client, which happened a little later, and so I refrained from cross-examining the witnesses and from making an argument. Now and then I would say a harmless word or two, that Lang might not forget my presence. As we walked away, I said to the telegraph operator: "I don't know much about the courts in this part of the country, but anywhere else, if you had shot a human being in cold blood and killed him, you surely would have been punished. I advise you to get out of Nampa as quickly as possible."

"The operator departed that night and never returned."

"My second case came to me because the other lawyers in Boise had declined to take it," Senator Borah went on to say. "It was a claim three or four years old against a railway for the killing of some live stock. The railway was new and the claim was a damage claim. I was unheard of in Idaho. I settled the case to the satisfaction of my client, and after that I was employed in criminal practice and in litigation between sheep and cattle men."

Jack a Gun-fighter.

"Tell me about Diamond Field Jack?" I asked.

"He was a gun-fighter and a cowboy, and was quicker with his hands and on his feet than any person I have ever seen. He worked for the Sparks-Harrell Cattle Company, of Nevada. In those days there was friction between cattle and sheep men over the boundary lines of their pasturage. A line was never respected, as the saying went, until some head had been killed upon it. Two sheep herders, so it appeared, had been shot down in cold blood and given no chance

to a Sparks-Harrell ranch, of which a negro named Harris was the foreman. I talked about the killing of the sheep herders, and he told me that Diamond Field Jack, whom he seemed to dislike, had stayed over night at the ranch two or three days previous to the murder. He changed his light-colored suit for black-clothing, saying he had some work to do after dark. Harris also noticed that he had a .45-caliber revolver loaded with .44-caliber cartridges. Diamondfield Jack, he said with anger, lay in his bed and shot at the rafters overhead. Harris showed me the bullet holes. Jack had returned later and had spoken vaguely but exultantly about doing business with a couple of sheep herders."

Both Sides Armed.

"We were pretty well prepared, therefore, to prosecute Diamondfield Jack for murder. The trial was tremendously interesting. The sheep men, of whom there was a large and nervous representation in town, sympathized with the prosecution. The cattle men, equally as numerous and expeditious, were not partisans of the prisoner. Certain persons before each session of the court were searched and relieved of their weapons. During the trial Diamondfield Jack made a cheer of office at the time and no labor troubles agitated him. He was assassinated in a terrible manner by means of a bomb buried in the ground at his garden gate. Haywood, as you know, was acquitted."

Favors Income Tax.

"Why have you urged the charging of a tax against incomes?"

"Because I do not believe that all of the cost of the government in Washington should be met by the men who toil for their bread and butter. We are increasing our army and navy, we are improving our harbors and rivers, and we are constantly adding to the already enormous sum of our national expenses. Practically all of the money comes from a tax on what the consumers of the country eat and wear. Mr. Carnegie, for example, has a yearly income of \$12,000,000 from bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. Twelve of the men who worked in his mines or mills and are working now for his successors contribute more to support the government than he does. The theory of our system of taxation goes back to the days of feudalism, when it has been said, the nobles fought for it, and the common people paid the bills. I would equalize the load and shift some of it to the shoulders of the rich, where it justly belongs."

"Would you tax all incomes?"

"No, I would exempt those of less than \$5,000 a year. Beyond that sum, I should lay a tax of 2 per cent. Thus a man with an annual income of \$10,000 would pay \$200 to the national government, and the money so paid would never be missed."

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Elaborate Revenge.

"From the Chicago Tribune."

"Faw, wasn't that a horrible dinner?"

"It was, Tommy."

"But you handed the waiter a dime when we went away. What did you do that for?"

"I wanted to convey the idea to him, Tommy, as delicately as possible, that if he'd brought us a good feed it would have been a half dollar."

Silent Now.

"From the Yonkers Statesman."

"She—You used to talk eight languages, I remember."

"He—Yes; before I was married."

of the boycotted newspapers under his arm, walked all over town, in and out of stores and saloons, loudly shouting his wares and defying anyone to call him a 'scab' or to interfere with him in any particular. He left Goldfield without a penny."

"You also prosecuted the celebrated Cour d'Alencas cases in 1892?" I said.

"There was a contest to compel the operators of mines to recognize the miners' union and to refuse to employ nonunion men. On the 25th of April, in broad daylight, 1,000 miners, masked and armed, took possession of a railway train at Burke and rode to Warden, where they destroyed the mill of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company with dynamite. The mill was worth \$300,000. It was actually blown to splinters. No greater ruin of a building could be imagined. On their way back to the railway station, the masked miners caught a number of nonunion men who were watching the procession. When near the depot, the nonunion men were told to cut and run. While they were making off as fast as they could, several guns were fired. A nonunion man was killed, and so was a union man, but by accident. Gov. Frank Steunenberg declared the region under martial law and the militia took possession. I was employed with others to prosecute the ringleaders of the dynamiters. We went to Warden and began our investigation. A woman told us she recognized the man who fired the shot that killed the nonunion mill worker. A puff of wind had blown the handkerchief to the side of his face and she saw he was Paul Corcoran, leader of the Burke Union."

Sent to Penitentiary.

"About twenty men were arrested. Twelve of them were sent to the Federal penitentiary in California. Eight bribed a military guardman at the bull pen, where they were confined, and got away. The escape was fortunate in that it disposed of them for all time. They never came back. The guardman was sent to prison."

"We tried Corcoran for murder. The railroad from Burke to Warden runs in a high and narrow canyon, with houses here and there and a few small stations between. Persons along the line said they saw Corcoran returning to Burke, seated on the top of a high box car, a rifle in his lap, and his feet hanging downward. They knew it was Corcoran by the stoop in his shoulders. The defense claimed Corcoran was not at Warden on that day in April. Moreover, because of the crooked track and the sharp windings of the canyon, no man could ride the road seated on the top of a box car. Brakemen and conductors, taking the stand, agreed with the defense in that particular. "I decided to try the experiment myself, James H. Hawley, my associate, who has prosecuted and convicted, defended and acquitted more men charged with crime than any lawyer in America, said I might be killed, or at best, if I couldn't ride the car, I would kill our case. I had ridden on freight trains, but was not an expert."

Sometimes Took a Freight.

"Why did you ride on freight trains?" I inquired.

"I don't think I shall go further into the matter," Senator Borah replied. "The next times when I have wanted to be somewhere else, you can draw your own conclusions. Well, I got an order from the railway company to have the engineer of April 2 duplicate his train and running time from Warden to Burke. I stationed witnesses along the road and took four men with me. With a rifle on my lap and my feet hanging over the side of a high box car, I made a trip and wasn't joggled off. At Burke I jumped to the ground, as Corcoran was said to have done, and got a hard job. If any one thinks it is fun to jump from a tall box car, let him get through the experience just once. The turn in the case came with my practical test. Corcoran was convicted and was confined for two years in the penitentiary."

"You also prosecuted William D. Haywood," I said.

"Yes, and refused to accept criminal business, but Gov. Steunenberg's murder was out of the events of 1892, and I was persuaded to assist Jim Hawley, who framed up the case and to whom not enough credit has ever been given by the public or the press. Steunenberg had declared martial law at Warden and had ordered the prosecution of the dynamiters. Six years afterward he was out of office at the time and no labor troubles agitated him. He was assassinated in a terrible manner by means of a bomb buried in the ground at his garden gate. Haywood, as you know, was acquitted."

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## ROYALTY'S DUSKY ANCESTRY

Europe Interested in the Decision of the Louisiana Courts on the Negro Question.

By EX-ATTACHE.

While most people in Europe share the aversion entertained in this country to unions between the white and colored races, yet there has always been an impression that Americans carry this prejudice to the extreme when they insist upon classing as colored persons white people in whom the negro blood has become almost imperceptible or wholly so and in whom the African strain is unrecognizable save by experts.

The laws of North Carolina and of other Southern States, insisting that any one having even one-sixteenth of negro blood shall be regarded as a negro, have always seemed a trifle harsh to nations, such as those of Europe, which have not been confronted by such problems of race as those with which the United States is called upon to deal. The suit now pending in the Supreme Court of Louisiana to determine the validity of Judge Claret's recent decree, in which he declared that an octroon could not be classed as colored, is exciting a great deal of attention in England and on the continent of Europe. The interest is all the more pronounced as there are many persons of high rank, and even of illustrious birth, who are known to have blood of one or another of the dusky races in their veins."

Contempt for the Mixers.

It is not that Europeans like matrimonial alliances between whites and blacks any more than Americans do, and the one peer of the British realm in modern times who went to the length of marrying a full-blooded Hotentot woman, the late Earl of Stamford, rendered himself an outcast, regarded with contempt even by the poorest and bluntest of his own countrymen. The prejudice is not confined to blacks.

Some well-known Englishmen in Northern India who, at the risk of incurring the penalties of the law provided for abduction, deliberately kidnapped a white woman and conveyed her in duration to Australia in order to prevent her marrying a rajah of high degree. Other white women who have wedded Indian petty rulers—there have been at least a dozen of such instances during the last twenty-five years—have cut themselves entirely adrift from their own people, who would have nothing more to do with them. American women who married the former Chinese Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris encountered as much ill-will on every side on the banks of the Seine as the German baroness of ancient lineage who became the wife of the Japanese Ambassador at Berlin, Viscount Aoki. White officials in the Orient when they marry women of one of the dusky races mar their future and meet with disapproval on the part of their superiors, no matter how illustrious their birth.

There have been instances of Englishmen wedding Indian princesses. Two Englishmen, the one a peer of the realm, now dead, and the other a knight, the late Sir Halliday Macartney, contracted matrimonial alliances with daughters of Chinese mandarins, while the late Sir Edwin Arnold, after the death of his American wife, married a Japanese lady of excellent birth, of the name of Kurokawa Tama, now Lady Arnold.

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popular theory here that people of mixed blood—that is to say, half-castes—are inferior in moral character, in intelligence, and in civic worth does not find any acceptance abroad.

It is as certain as any other fact of the kind that can be that the Brahmins and the elus of Rajpootana descend from white invaders, who, crossing the northern passes, left their wives behind and settling in India intermarried with the dark races of the plains. Yet no people on earth can claim to greater intelligence than the Brahmins, and there are few types of men of finer character or more perfect physique than the Rajpoots, while Ghorekas, who are Rajpoots with a Mongolian cross, are perhaps the most absolutely fearless soldiers in existence.

Mixed Breeds Are Brave.

The half Arab, half negro tribes of the Eastern Sudan and of Abyssinia are braver than most Europeans, whom on a number of memorable occasions they have, despite the inferiority of their weapons and of their strategic knowledge, defeated in battle.

In the Middle Ages African slaves imported for agricultural purposes in the southern and central provinces that had been depopulated by the constant wars and insurrections became so numerous that they outnumbered the whites even in Lisbon itself. When freed they did not remain a race apart, as here in America, but intermarried to a degree of which people in the United States can form no conception whatsoever. The Portuguese are the most light-hearted folk in existence. In fact, the cravity of the Portuguese has passed into the proverb of almost every European nation. There are many who ascribe this blitheness of temperament to their negro ancestry.

In the same way the Spaniards are indebted for many of their qualities, as they are for numerous words in their musical language, to the Moorish races of Northern Africa, which formerly dominated the entire Iberian peninsula. The Moorish ancestry is apparent in the oldest Spanish aristocracy, as also in the poorest peasantry, in the peculiar cut of the features, in the darkness of the complexion, in the gravity and sobriety of manner, which contrasts so strikingly with the exuberance of the Portuguese, in the wonderful skill in the working of metals, and in the disregard for human life.

Hungarians a Mixed Race.

The Hungarians, too, are undoubtedly a mixed race, sprung from union between the white indigenous population of Central Europe and those Hun invaders who swept over the greater part of the continent more than a thousand years ago from some point in Asia which has never yet been definitely determined. Yet no one can attribute to the Magyars as a people those vices and faults that are popularly but erroneously ascribed to nations of hybrid origin.

Several of the reigning houses of Europe have ties with dusky-hued races. Countess Torby, the wonderfully handsome morganatic consort of Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia, is descended, through her maternal grandfather, the celebrated Muscovite poet Pushkin, from Hannibal, the negro great-grandfather of Peter the Great. Her father was Prince Nicholas of Nassau, younger brother of the late sovereign Grand Duke of Luxembourg, and through him she is related to the Queen of Holland and to half the reigning houses of Europe.

Marshall Bernadotte, the founder of the dynasty now ruling Sweden, sprang from a part of the country around Pau, where the Saracenic origin of the population is particularly pronounced, the Moorish ancestry being followed by his recall and the abrupt termination of what promised to be a most brilliant career in the diplomatic service of his country.

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of Frederick the Great of Prussia, openly proclaimed that he was not the offspring of the King, but of Baron Munk von Fulkila, one of the handsomest men of the court of Stockholm, a fervent admirer of the young Danish-born Queen, and who himself was the grandson of a Moorish lady of high rank.

Doubt Cause of Intrigues.

This very serious doubt as to the legitimacy of Gustavus IV played no small role in the intrigues which culminated in his removal from the throne in March, 1809, and in the proclamation of his uncle, the younger brother of Gustavus III, as ruler of Sweden in his stead under the title of Charles XIII. The present Queen of Sweden, as well as the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, are great-grandchildren of this King, Gustavus IV, surnamed "the Moor," and it may be of interest to add that the now reigning King of Sweden's sailor brother, Prince Oscar, renounced his rights of succession to the throne of Sweden in order to wed Ebba Munk von Fulkila, a lineal descendant from that handsome Baron Munk von Fulkila who was the alleged father of Gustavus IV.

Without entering into the familiar controversy as to whether or not Robert Browning had any African blood in his veins, the story having undoubtedly originated in the fact that his grandmother was a creole, it may be pointed out that two of the most brilliant Frenchmen of the last half century—three of them in fact—have been of undoubtedly African ancestry. One of them is Gen. Alfred Douds, a quadroom, who is recognized at home and abroad as one of the ablest commanders of the French army, the only one, indeed, who has covered himself with military glory since the days of the Franco-German war, and who wears not only the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, but also the highly prized Medaille Militaire. His father was a French colonist of English parentage established on the west coast of Africa and his mother a very handsome mulatto woman. When he returned to France, after the conquest of Dahomey and of other West African kingdoms which he added to the colonial empire of France, the entire nation, irrespective of party or politics, turned out to welcome him, and to such an extent did he become an object of popular enthusiasm that there is no doubt but what he might easily have established himself in the role of military dictator had it not been for his loyalty to the republic.

Ancestry of Dumas.

Then there was Alexandre Dumas, the elder, one of the most famous, and certainly the most popular, French author of the nineteenth century, whose granddaughters have married members of the oldest French aristocracy and who was the grandson of a Santo Domingo negro of the name of Dumas and of the Marquis de la Palliere. It was characteristic of Dumas and of his father, the well-known general of the Napoleonic wars, to take the name of their negro grandmother and mother rather than the more aristocratic patronymic of the Marquis de la Palliere. Alexandre Dumas, who was a quadroom, though he looked a mulatto, never found the colored blood in his veins any bar to his social recognition and welcome either in France or anywhere else in Europe, although in America neither he nor Gen. Douds would have been permitted to drink at the same bar as a white man and in many States of the Union would not be allowed to sit at the same table. Old Dumas was not in the least ashamed of his ancestry, and I have known his son, Alexandre Dumas the younger, whose wife was a member of the historic Russian house of Narshikine to exclaim laughingly: "Why, my father was so vain that he would actually get up behind his own carriage, on the dashboard, in order to persuade the public that he kept a black footman." In an open letter to the Bishop of Autun on the subject of the slave trade, thanking the prelate for his efforts to suppress the latter, he writes that he has only to go back two or three generations to find negro slaves among his ancestors, and adds: "There may be relatives of mine who even now are forming part of the cargoes of slave vessels."

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